On Matters of Courtship

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On Matters of Courtship

by jessahmewren

Summary

Hannibal Lecter sees a young Omega Will while on a business trip and is determined to make him his. He would prefer it if Will felt the same. A Hannigram courtship ensues.

Notes

For Day 3 of SpookySlick: Mating. This wasn't meant to be multiple chapters, but it got away from me once again. I hope you enjoy and please stick around for the conclusion! This fic is complete and there are two more chapters to post.

Also, I am willygrayham on Twitter if you would like to come say hi!

See the end of the work for more notes

The Proposal

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Hannibal was eating oysters on the half shell in a small bistro by the water when he saw him, the prettiest little Omega he'd ever seen.

He was chucking crates onto the deck of an old fishing trawler, bare shoulders sweat slick and red from the Louisiana sun. His hair was a nest of wild curls, his arms wiry with muscle. He wore a pair of short denim cut-offs slung low on his hips, and he was absolutely filthy.

Hannibal had never wanted anyone more.

He called for the check, hands shaking slightly with anticipation as he signed the bill. He could scarcely take his eyes off the window where the boy still worked, stopping to hitch up the very short shorts where they'd slipped even lower than before, hugging the soft swell of his ass.

Hannibal departed the restaurant and made the short walk to the docks, keeping the boy in sight. He was 17, maybe 18, probably hadn't had his first heat yet. The closer he got, the more in focus his features became. The soft, full lips, the curve of his jaw just filling out into manhood, the large eyes that darted warily in his direction the closer he got to him.

Then, Hannibal spotted someone who had to be his father. He had a matching swath of dark hair, crinkled eyes and weather-worn skin. He was talking and gesturing to the boy, giving orders. Hannibal straightened his tie and, as decorum deigned, focused his sights on the elder of the two.

"Can I help you sir?" The older man jumped down from the rigging and wiped his hands on his overalls. He offered one to Hannibal.

Hannibal shook the man's hand, aware of the boy's eyes on him. He was close enough to tell that they were blue and sparked with a wary sort of curiosity.

Hannibal smiled, nodding politely to the man in front of him. "My name is Hannibal Lecter. And you are?"

"Beaux Graham," the man said. He had a firm, calloused handshake, and his shoulders were slightly stooped with a life of hard labor. He was a Beta from the smell of him, and Hannibal instantly liked him.

"I thought I might speak with you Mr. Graham." He indicated the boy, who was still hefting crates. "Is that your son?"

Beaux smiled. "Yeah, that's my Will," he said, pride evident in his voice. "He's stubborn but he's a big help to me." The line between his eyebrows deepened. "If he's done something-

-”

“I hope you don’t find this too forward, Mr. Graham, but is your son spoken for?”

Beaux became visibly flustered. He put his hands on his hips. “You mean, matin’ wise?”

Hannibal nodded. “That’s exactly what I mean, Mr. Graham. Has someone spoken for your son with an intention to mate with him?”

Beaux’s face reddened, and he huffed out a breath. “You know he’s an Omega, right?” He said it quietly, like it was something to be ashamed of.

Hannibal inclined his head. “That’s why I’m asking,” he said pleasantly.

Beaux looked away, considering. “He’s my only child—“

“I would be willing to pay a handsome dowry for the honor of courting your son, Mr. Graham. But I need your permission first.”

Beaux pressed his lips together, seemingly decided. “I ‘spose it’s up to Will, in the end.”

Hannibal reached into his jacket and withdrew his card. “Talk it over with him and get back to me, would you?” Hannibal gave a short bow. “I hope to hear from you soon, Mr. Graham. Have a good day.”

He spared one last long look at Will, then turned and walked back to the bistro where his car was parked. He’d go back to the hotel, get a hot shower, and spend the rest of the evening relaxing. But he would not forget about the boy he now knew as Will.

“No, Daddy. Hell no.”

Beaux frowned at his son who sat with one lanky leg draped over the arm of the couch. “You watch your mouth boy. Besides, you haven’t even met him yet.”

Will crossed his arms over his chest and looked away. “Don’t need to meet him,” he said, his blue eyes flashing. “And you don’t even know him Daddy! He could be anybody.”

Beaux sat down in a chair opposite his son, forcing the boy to look at him. “He’s got money. And he was well-dressed.” Beaux looked down at the simple ivory cardstock business card Hannibal had given him. “Says here he’s a doctor.”

Will rolled his eyes. “This is about the money, isn’t it. You’re selling me off to the highest bidder.” Will huffed, tears brimming in his eyes.

“You’re of age,” Beaux began. “You know that Willy. It won’t be long until your time will come around. You’ll need someone who knows how to take care of you.”

Will stood, visibly shaking with anger. "I can take care of myself, thank you very much!" He said as he stormed out of the living room. Beaux heard the door to Will's bedroom slam so hard it shook the frame of the house.

Beaux followed as far as the hall. "I'm invitin' him over for dinner," Beaux told Will through the closed door. "I'm well within my rights to act on your behalf. To try and do what's best for you."

Will just pressed his back against his bedroom door and wiped his eyes.

Hannibal got the call on a Tuesday, and by Wednesday night he was stood at the door of a modest woodframe house at the edge of the Bayou with a bottle of wine in his hands. Beaux Graham answered the door, considerably cleaner and more composed than he had been on the docks, and offered Hannibal his hand.

"Come in, Dr. Lecter. Just um, you can have a seat on the couch there."

Hannibal handed off the bottle of wine and entered the living room to find Will, sullen and beautiful, sat in an upholstered chair opposite the couch. He glared daggers at Hannibal, and his hands in his lap were as tense as a bowstring.

"I uh, I made us some gumbo," Beaux said a little nervously as he looked between the two of them. "Willy helped." He wore a clean dress shirt that was in desperate need of pressing and his newest pair of jeans. His dark hair was slicked back and styled.

Will, on the other hand, was resplendent in his wrath. His blue eyes blazed under a halo of curls, and the three button polo he wore was also blue and nearly matched his eyes. He fingered with the hem of it as he stared through Hannibal, his plush mouth set in a firm line.

Hannibal offered to help in the kitchen, but Beaux insisted Hannibal relax. So he and Will sat staring at each other, oceans of unsaid words between them.

"I know why you're here," Will finally said with barely restrained anger. "And I just want you to know that I don't approve."

Hannibal couldn't stifle his laugh. Will watched the way the well-dressed man's curious yet pleasing angular face opened up as he found humor in what Will had said. And then he smiled, and Will found that curious and pleasing, too. The man had little pointy teeth that glinted at him, and Will found it easier to stare at his mouth than his eyes, warm, amber eyes that seem to shine with fondness.

Fondness for what, Will couldn't tell.

"Why, you haven't gotten to know me yet, Will. It would be a shame to dismiss a potential friendship before giving it a chance to blossom."

Will liked his voice…it was deep and strangely accented. He chanced a look at his father who made a little encouraging motion with his hands from where he stood in the kitchen. He

breathed out roughly.

“But you’re not looking for friendship,” Will said carefully. He brought his thumbnail to his mouth, then quickly corrected himself. The man tracked the motion with those amber eyes.

“I am most definitely looking to be friends with you, Will. Great friends. All good relationships are based in friendship.”

Will pushed his lip out. “What if I don’t want to be friends or to be in a relationship,” Will said crossly. “I don’t find you that interesting.”

Hannibal smiled. “You will.”

The gumbo was delicious, served out of big bowls with a scoop of fluffy rice. Beaux had made Johnny cakes on the stove instead of crackers, and Hannibal broke apart the flat piece of bread and dipped it into his bowl.

“Willy here caught all the seafood that went into this gumbo,” Beaux said proudly. “He’s a good fisherman, gets good grades in school. A real help around the house.”

Will fidgeted with his spoon, a high color to his cheeks. His anger had dissipated some. It didn’t look like this man was going to club him over the head and drag him from the only home he’d ever known, but he still didn’t fully trust him or his intentions.

But he did find him awfully attractive. The man was an Alpha; his rain and woodsmoke scent had filled their small home as soon as he arrived. Will found the scent to be soothing rather than offensive like some other Alphas he’d encountered. And the way he ate, the way he spoke…the man had an easy grace that Will found very appealing.

And it didn’t hurt that he was easy on the eyes.

Will swirled his spoon through the gumbo and looked up to find Hannibal watching him. His eyes were warm and there was a soft smile on his face.

“Your father is very proud of you, Will,” Hannibal said. He took a sip of his wine. “As well he should be. What are your aspirations after graduation?”

Will chewed the inside of his cheek. “The police academy,” he murmured reluctantly. He took a bite of gumbo.

Hannibal brightened, his alluring mouth stretching into an enigmatic smile. “So you want to go into law enforcement. I think that’s very admirable.”

Will looked up from his food. “You sure you don’t like to keep your Omegas barefoot and pregnant?” Will said with a wicked little smile, and his father slapped his leg under the table.

“Will Graham you know better than to speak like that to comp’ny.”

Hannibal just smiled, leaning back in his chair. The boy's beauty and charms were rivaled only by his scent…buttercream and strawberries. His first heat had not yet hit, but it would be soon. He was ripe for the picking, this beautiful boy, in all his glorious fury.

"I actually would encourage my mate to pursue their dreams, and support them in every way possible," Hannibal replied.

Will said nothing to that. He dabbed the corner of his mouth with a napkin and glanced at where Hannibal's hands rested on his glass. They'd had no proper glassware for the wine, so he drank it out of the same flower-print glasses that Will drank his juice form every morning.

His hands were large and veiny. Hands like those could—

He didn't let himself finish that thought.

They finished their meal in comfortable silence. Hannibal talked with Beaux about his psychiatric practice, about the fishing industry, about life as a single parent. Hannibal discovered that Will's mother had died when he was just a toddler. Hannibal surmised that he must have no memory of her.

Will answered questions about school, mostly, and some about his likes and dislikes. When Hannibal mentioned some various charities he was involved in that were centered around animals, Will's eyes lit up.

"I always wanted a dog," Will said suddenly. His eyes darted to his father. "Daddy said we couldn't afford one."

Hannibal nodded. "I think a dog would be a fine idea, Will. You could have as many dogs as you like. I have a large property."

Will blushed and pushed his bowl away. Hannibal helped Beaux clear the table and they settled on the porch. They ate brandy-soaked trifles as the crickets chirped and the frogs croaked in the nearby water. It was a warm night, and the near-constant humidity made Will's hair curl even more.

"I've really enjoyed getting to know the both of you," Hannibal began, his trifle nearly finished. "And I would like your permission, Mr. Graham, to pursue a courtship with your son."

Will blushed profusely but didn't say anything. He knew the law, that by being an unmated Omega in his father's house he had little to no rights, but he also trusted his father. His father loved him. His father wanted what was best for him.

Beaux stretched out and crossed his feet on the bannister. He looked at Hannibal with a weathered smile. "You have it," he said.

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Acceptance

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will become closer.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the wonderful comments on Chapter 1! This chapter fulfills the SpookySlick prompt Bonding. Soul Bonding is not really my thing (sorry), so I concentrated on building their relationship and them bonding that way. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Hannibal extended his stay in Louisiana. The conference that had brought him to the state was well and over by the end of the week, but Hannibal had other concerns now—the main concern being wooing one Will Graham.

Now that he had his father's permission, Hannibal thought of nothing more than of winning the boy's favor.

While it was true, under the law, that Will could be his whether he liked it or not, Hannibal would have him willing or not at all. Hannibal took no pleasure in forcing anyone into any sort of affection. He may have his shortcomings, but he was no brute.

And the game would be a delicious one, too be sure. Will was a challenge, one Hannibal relished. Hannibal spent the morning contacting his patients and clearing his schedule to allow time to properly court Will.

The next day he picked Will up from school. Will approached the car, his backpack slung over one shoulder, visible surprise writ on his face. Once he was inside, he cleared his throat, shifting a little on the plush leather seat of Hannibal's rented sedan. He was obviously still a bit uncomfortable in Hannibal's presence.

"So how was your day?" Hannibal asked pleasantly, stealing little glances at Will as he drove.

Will shrugged. “It was alright.” Hannibal’s scent filled the car, and Will found it difficult to think clearly when he was so close to him. He breathed shallowly through his nose.

“Just alright?”

Will allowed himself a little laugh. “I guess it was good.”

Hannibal hummed. “What could have gone better to make it a great day for you Will?”

Will flushed. The way Hannibal said his name was purposeful…he shaped the word with great care. His accent only heightened the effect.

“I had a test today,” Will said, looking out of the window. “I don’t think I did that well.”

Hannibal tutted. “I bet you did better than you think,” Hannibal said pleasantly.

Will gave him a small smile and twisted his fingers in his lap. “So, where are we going? This isn’t the way home.”

“No, it’s not,” Hannibal said smoothly. “I thought we might go to the park. It’s a beautiful day.”

Will tried to relax his hands by pressing them onto his jean-clad thighs. This was what his father wanted, what he felt would be best for him. He should at least give the man a chance.

“Ok.” Will said.

They pulled up at the park, and Hannibal crossed to open Will’s door for him. Will frowned. “You don’t have to do that you know.”

Hannibal smiled, his hands flexing at his sides for want of touching him. “Oh I do,” he said instead. “You’re very special, Will. You deserve to be treated with every consideration.”

Will blushed, ducking his head as he got out of the car. Hannibal led Will down the walking path, a hand at the small of his back. It was shady, and the canopy of trees took some bite out of the oppressive heat.

Up ahead, an ice cream vendor was selling his wares.

Hannibal looked at Will, once again overwhelmed by the boy’s scent. The heat made it stronger, and though it was impossibly rude to linger, he let his eyes flick down to the scent gland on his neck. “Would you like some ice cream Will?”

Will lifted his gaze to Hannibal, his eyes brightening. His lips opened a little as he thought it over, and Hannibal stole a glance at his plush mouth.

“That would be nice.”

They both chose vanilla and continued along the path for awhile before settling by a fountain.

“So,” Will said as he stared at the water, “what made you want to become a doctor?”

Hannibal turned his body so he was angled toward Will. He watched as the boy licked his ice cream, pink tongue swirling around the cone. He swallowed back his arousal enough to answer the boy’s question.

“I wanted to help people. I was a surgeon before I became a psychiatrist, and I enjoyed it very much.”

Will was thoroughly engaged now, ice cream forgotten, and he was peering at Hannibal with those stunning blue eyes. “What happened? I mean, why did you give it up?”

Hannibal considered. “I got tired of never knowing how my patients faired. I longed for a situation where I could watch someone develop and grow. To thrive.”

Will smiled, seemingly pleased with the answer. “So you chose psychiatry.”

Hannibal nodded. Will had a spot of ice cream on his upper lip, and Hannibal found it entirely charming.

“You have a bit of—“ he began as he gestured to his mouth. Will swiped at his lips, but missed the spot entirely.

Hannibal laughed. Then, feeling bold, he reached out his hand and wiped the spot away with his thumb. Will jerked, his silken mouth becoming slack in shock, but he did not pull away. Hannibal stuck his thumb in his mouth, sucking away the sweet. “There.”

Will huffed a little breath, almost a laugh but not quite. He looked as though he would say something, but he never did. The boy was no longer tense, at least. He appeared totally relaxed as they finished their ice cream, settling into a comfortable silence.

Hannibal drove him home as the sun was slipping below the horizon. He stood outside of the small house, Will looking up at him shyly.

Hannibal cleared his throat. He never got nervous, but an unexpected shiver of trepidation rattled his spine. He glanced down at his feet.

“Will…may I ask you a question?”

Will breathed out, his lips slightly parted. “Yeah,” he said quietly.

“May I kiss you goodnight?”

Will’s mouth fell open, but he found himself nodding. He held his breath as Hannibal leaned in and chastely pressed his lips to Will’s cheek. His lips were smooth, warm, and lingered just a moment longer than expected before he withdrew.

“Thank you for today, Will. It was lovely.”

Will’s skin tingled where Hannibal had touched him. “Yes, it was,” he said quietly.

“May I pick you up again tomorrow?”

Will nodded, his hand going up to the spot Hannibal had kissed. His face was burning hot, and slick had started to dampen his underwear.

Hannibal smiled. “Goodnight, Will. I hope you sleep well.”

Hannibal left Will on the porch, staring after him with his hand on his cheek.

“So where are we going today?”

Will was more at ease around Hannibal now. He met him with a bounce in his step and a shy smile.

Hannibal was elated.

“I’m taking you somewhere special, Will. A place that’s very important, but where you can also enjoy yourself.”

Will chewed his lip. “And it’s not the park?”

Hannibal shook his head, a soft smile playing at the corners of his mouth. “Not the park.”

When they arrived, Will frowned. “What is this place?”

Hannibal opened the door for him and helped him out of the car. “This is the local animal shelter, Will. I was thinking we might show a little love to some of the dogs here.”

Will’s eyes widened. “There are dogs?” His entire body was almost vibrating.

Hannibal smiled at the boy’s enthusiasm. “There are many dogs, Will. And you can pet as many as you like.”

He led Will inside and spoke to the person at the desk. He’d arranged for this visit and for Will to be able to spend some time with the animals beforehand, and from the look on Will’s face, it was all going to be worth it.

They were led into a small visiting room. They sat for several moments before three dogs, all of various sizes, were led in by a volunteer. The dogs greeted Will with relish, tongues lolling and the largest of the three putting his paws in Will’s laps. Will hugged him fiercely. The smallest of the dogs danced on his hind legs, vying for Will’s attention.

Hannibal gave the other one a dutiful pat, scratching behind his ears. He was an older dog, and was content to lie at Hannibal’s feet.

“Oh Hannibal,” Will began, “they’re so wonderful! Can I keep them?”

The larger dog licked Will's face, and he laughed. Hannibal continued to stroke the older dog as he surreptitiously moved closer to Will. "Anything you want, Will. We can have them sent ahead of us to Baltimore. They will be there when you arrive."

Will's face fell. "Baltimore? Is that where you're from?"

Hannibal nodded. "I have a new home there on a large piece of property. There's a stream nearby. You can fish."

Will swallowed, now absently stroking the smallest dog now that he'd gotten Will's attention. "That's a long way away from my dad," he said softly.

Hannibal tucked a curl behind Will's ear, feeling confident enough to smooth his fingers along the boy's face. Will didn't flinch.

"He can visit you as much as you like," Hannibal reassured him.

Will tensed up, teeth worrying his bottom lip. "I know you made an arrangement with my dad, but I'm not sure about all of this. I don't…I don't know what I want."

Hannibal let his hand fall to the boy's shoulder, squeezing gently. "That's ok, Will. I would never force you to do anything you didn't want to do. But I would like you to come home with me for a visit. You don't have to stay."

Will looked up at Hannibal, hugging the larger dog tightly. "I don't?"

Hannibal shook his head. "Not unless you want to," he said. "I mean it Will. I may have an arrangement with your father, but this is your choice."

The boy broke into a large smile. "Thanks, Hannibal."

Hannibal returned it. "Of course Will."

They stayed at the shelter for hours, and Will petted as many dogs as he liked. Hannibal thrived knowing he was making the boy happy; all he wanted to do was dote on him and spoil him and make him his.

But Will was his own person, and he wouldn't take that away from him. He would not reduce Will to an object to be traded behind the scenes. Will was too important for that.

Hannibal opened the car door for Will and once again found himself standing on the porch of Beaux Graham's home. Will shifted his feet a little nervously before looking up at Hannibal, warmth in his eyes.

"Thank you Hannibal. For today." He looked down shyly and then quickly pressed his lips to Hannibal's.

The kiss branded him, brief as it was, and Hannibal took a moment to gather himself before placing his hand on Will's arm. He let his thumb stroke there, just a tentative touch. It seemed to soothe the boy.

Then Will sprang forward, wrapping his arms around Hannibal's neck. He buried his face there, taking in deep lungfuls of Hannibal's scent. "I will go with you to Baltimore," Will said quietly. "Thank you for letting me choose."

Tears burned in Hannibal's eyes, but he blinked them away. When Will let him go, he immediately missed the press of the boy's body against his own. "Of course Will. You always have a choice."

Will smiled, then ducked into the house. Hannibal drove back to the hotel in a haze of euphoria, replaying Will's tremulous kiss and mentally making preparations for their trip to Baltimore.

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Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and come say hello at my Twitter. I post ficlets and updates there!

Consummation

Chapter Summary

Hannibal helps Will through his first heat.

Chapter Notes

Here we are, the final chapter! Thank you to everyone who has read and commented. I hope you enjoy!

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The next day Hannibal was sat in the upholstered chair Will had sat in when they first met, facing Beaux and Will.

“Mr. Graham, your son has agreed to visit me in Baltimore. He’s under no obligation to stay, and he chose to of his own free will.” Beaux looked to Will for confirmation, and Will simply nodded.

“For the honor of courting your son, Mr. Graham, I owe you a dowry. I have fifty thousand dollars at my disposal now; I can give you more once I liquidate some assets.”

Will blushed profusely. He had chosen to be here for this, but it still embarrassed him nonetheless. Hannibal was purchasing the right to court him with no guarantee of them actually becoming mates.

Beaux stammered a moment before he got his feet under him. “Are you…are you sure?”

Hannibal nodded. “Quite sure.” He withdrew a checkbook from his breast pocket and began writing a check. “Fifty thousand now and…fifty thousand if Will chooses to continue our relationship. Is that acceptable?”

Beaux nodded excitedly. Then he turned to his son. “You know Will this is just the way things are done. Don’t mean no harm by any of it. Dr. Lecter here is a real nice man. He’ll treat you well.”

Will just nodded again, words escaping him. That was more money than he ever dreamed anyone ever paying for him.

Hannibal stood and clasped Beaux's hand. "I assure you the pleasure of your son's company is worth every penny."

As Hannibal turned to leave, he fixed his eyes on Will. "Pack your things, Will. We leave in the morning. I'll send a car for you."

Will worried his lip. "And the dogs?"

Hannibal smiled. "They'll be waiting for us when we get there."

The flight was uneventful. Hannibal had business class seats and arranged for Will to sit by the window because he'd never flown before. The boy's eyes were as big as saucers as he looked out over the fluffy clouds.

He fell asleep on Hannibal's shoulder, and Hannibal didn't dare move for fear of disturbing him. He rested his head against Will's, breathing in his scent and feeling his silken curls against his face.

Heat was coming off the boy in waves.

Hannibal took a few breaths in, gently scenting Will for any changes. The gentle sweetness was subtle, but it was there. His first heat was due most any day now. Hannibal doubted Will had any idea.

Just as Hannibal promised, the dogs were waiting for them when they arrived to Hannibal's home on the outskirts of Baltimore. Hannibal had arranged for the housekeeper to take care of them, and they bounded happily into the yard when they saw Will and Hannibal step out of the car.

Will greeted them with elation; a part of him had never believed they would actually be here, yet here they were.

Hannibal showed Will around, settling him into the guest room. He instructed Will to make himself at home while Hannibal prepared dinner.

"You cook?" Will asked as he held the smallest dog.

"Indeed," Hannibal answered him. "It's one of my greatest passions. Something I hope to one day share with you."

Will smiled and placed the little dog on the floor. He scampered off to find his newly adopted siblings. "I like to cook. Sometimes I help my dad."

Hannibal hummed. "Like our delicious gumbo," Hannibal said.

Will laughed. "Yeah like that." Will took a few steps into the kitchen. It was a large open space with a lot of natural light, full of gleaming surfaces and spotlessly clean. "Will you teach me?"

That pleased Hannibal, and he inclined his head. "Of course, Will. I'll teach you anything you would like to know. If I don't know about it, we'll learn together."

Will nodded, then stretched and yawned. "I don't feel so good. Do you mind if I lie down?"

"Of course not Will. You need your rest. It's been a long day full of many new and exciting things."

"Will you show me the stream tomorrow?"

Hannibal nodded, his hand on Will's back. The boy was hot through his shirt. "Of course Will. Everything here is for you to enjoy."

It was a little passed midnight when Hannibal heard it…a low whimpering coming from Will's room. At first he thought it might have been the dogs, but this was more plaintive and far more humanlike.

Hannibal pushed open the door to Will's room and found him clutching his abdomen. He was rocking back and forth, his pajamas soaked through.

"H-hannibal," he stammered. "I think I need to go to the doctor. There's something wrong with me."

Hannibal checked the boy's eyes…the gold ring around them barely visible in the dim light. His hair was wet with sweat and fell in messy curls over his forehead. "There's nothing wrong with you, my dear. What's happening to you is natural."

Will drew his knees up to his chest and clutched them. He rocked himself gently. "What is it? It hurts. It hurts so bad."

Hannibal shushed him gently, smoothing a hand over his sweaty forehead. "It's your heat, Will. Your first heat."

Will grimaced, tears brimming in his eyes. "Oh no…Oh God no…" he moaned as he continued to rock himself.

"Now now," Hannibal said, gentling him. "You're going to be just fine. You're going to be more than fine."

Will looked up hopefully. "You're a doctor. You can help me."

Hannibal smiled. "I can. And I will. But you have to trust me. Do you understand?"

Another cramp knotted Will's abdomen and he nodded furiously. "I trust you, Hannibal. Just make it stop."

Hannibal smoothed down the boys damp skin to settle on his upper arm. He rubbed little circles there. "These pajamas are going to have to come off," Hannibal said quietly.

"N-no," Will said vehemently. "I don't want to be naked. Please."

“Shhh,” Hannibal said softly. “You’re wet with sweat. And your clothes are only going to become scratchier as time goes on. Will you at least let me run you a cool bath?”

Cool sounded heavenly. “Ok,” Will said. “Just don’t leave me?”

Hannibal caressed his face. “I’ll never leave you Will.”

Hannibal ran Will a tepid bath with no oils or fragrances that would aggravate Will’s heightened senses. He let the boy bathe alone, standing just outside the door and speaking ever so often so Will would know he hadn’t left.

Will came out in a white fluffy robe, high spots of color on his cheeks. He curled up on the bed…fresh linens Hannibal had taken the liberty of changing out while Will was in the bath.

“How do you feel Will?”

“I feel…empty,” Will said quietly. “And it hurts…it burns so much.”

Tears began to run down his face and he hurriedly wiped them away.

“Dear boy,” Hannibal cooed. “I think it’s time you let me help you. Now loosen your robe. I need to touch you.”

With shaky fingers Will undid the knot in his robe and let it fall open. His smooth chest was flushed to his neck, and his hard cock…leaking and neglected, was even redder.

“I’m going to touch you now, Will. And you’re going to feel better.”

Will’s eyes were shut tight and his head was pressed back against the pillow. “Ok,” he murmured as another cramp doubled him over.

Hannibal gingerly clasped Will’s cock, stroking him gently. Will moaned and arched into his touch, and his legs fell open.

Hannibal looked at Will’s entrance with something akin to hunger. He was pouring slick, and his little pucker was already open and clenching around nothing. Hannibal let his hand slip down and pressed against his perineum, and Will’s cock twitched.

“Help me, Hannibal. Please,” Will begged him. The poor boy didn’t know what he needed--just that he needed--and that was enough for Hannibal.

He let two fingers slip into his entrance, and Will keened. Will was almost unbearably hot and, despite how open he’d appeared, deliciously tight around his fingers. Hannibal easily found the boy’s prostate and rubbed over the little swollen nub, delighting in the little moans he could draw from the boy and the way his legs shook.

Will came messily, spurting over his belly and arching onto Hannibal’s touch. Hannibal continued to work him with his fingers, letting him ride out his orgasm until he was spent and overstimulated.

Will's chest was heaving, and tears of relief rolled down his cheeks. Hannibal withdrew his hand, soaked in slick, and brought it to his mouth.

Will tasted better than he smelled…sweet and fresh like strawberry cake. Hannibal cleaned up his hand as Will watched with hooded eyes, spread out on the sheet like a nymph in a fairytale.

"Will it happen again?" Will asked timidly. His breathing had regulated and he was pulling the robe around him to cover himself.

Hannibal stroked his foot. "Will, your father never told you about heats? About what happens?"

Will shook his head. "He just said that an Alpha would know what to do. And you did. So he wasn't lying."

Hannibal smiled fondly. "Your heat is only temporarily quenched, Will. You will need to be filled again soon, and more properly next time."

Will swallowed. "You mean…a knot?" He almost whispered the word, like he was letting Hannibal in on a dirty secret.

Hannibal nodded. "Yes Will. That's the best way to get through a heat. To make the pain go away."

Will moaned, already heating up again. "Then knot me Hannibal. I can't do this by myself."

Hannibal looked at Will. "Do you know what that means, Will?"

Will nodded, another cramp taking him by surprise. "My friends at school, they told me. It means we'll be mates. And if you bite me, it means we're bonded."

Hannibal smiled, kneeling between Will's legs. "That's right. And I very much want to be bonded to you, Will. I never thought I would have a mate until I met you. I chose you above all others."

Will smiled. "And I choose you," he said.

Hannibal groaned, bending and kissing Will's knees. "I'm going to make you so happy, Will. You'll never want for anything. You can finish school, go to the police academy, whatever you like. I just want you Will, just the way you are."

"Hannibal? Just shut up and kiss me," Will breathed and pulled Hannibal down to him. Hannibal moaned as Will's hot tongue speared his mouth…eager, hungry, seeking. Hannibal opened to him, letting Will lead the way as his lips clumsily roved over his. Hannibal pressed into him, deepening he kiss, and Will arched against him.

"Please Hannibal…please make it go away."

Hannibal eased himself down on top of Will, the heat form the boy's body burning him through his clothes. He quickly disrobed until he was pressed to him skin to skin.

Will's eyes flicked down to where Hannibal's cock bobbed thick and heavy between them.

"You're…big," Will finally managed, a nervous laugh on his lips.

Hannibal just held him, nipping along the line of his jaw, letting his tongue dip into the shell of his ear. "You can take me, my little Omega. You're designed to."

Will squirmed, feeling Hannibal's hot length against him. "Will it hurt?"

Hannibal buried his face in his throat, teasing his mating gland with the edge of his teeth. "No, little one. You'll like it."

Will smiled, laughing as Hannibal tickled his neck. "Ok then. Have me Alpha."

Hannibal growled, dragging Will down the bed. He hitched up his hips as he kissed a trail down Will's neck. He wrapped his lips around one of Will's nipples and sucked.

Will gasped, wrapping his arms around Hannibal and holding him tightly. Hannibal worked over his nipple with tongue and teeth while pinching and tweaking the other. When Will was hard again and shaking with need, he switched.

"Don't make me wait Hannibal. It hurts."

Hannibal released his nipple with a plop, letting the boy fall back on the bed. He pressed into Will's tight heat with a hiss, relishing the ease and stretching of sliding into his body.

"Oooh Gooodd," Will groaned as Hannibal bottomed out inside him. Hannibal began to thrust, maddeningly slow and restrained, not wanting to hurt the boy.

Will hooked his feet around Hannibal's legs, spurring him on. He arched into him, trying to meet his thrusts, but Hannibal was holding back too much. He was being too gentle with him.

"Fuck me," Will gritted out. "It feels so good."

Hannibal drove into him, withdrawing almost entirely before slamming his cock back into Will's slick entrance. He pumped into Will, feeling his knot swell, seeing the bulge of his cock through Will's abdomen.

He took Will's hand and placed it over the bulge. "Feel me," he said lowly. He rocked harder into the boy as Will pressed down on Hannibal's cock through his belly. Will moaned, disbelieving.

Hannibal gripped Will's cock, working him easily with his own slick. Will came with a grunt, shooting white ropes of come between them.

Will's body was still clenching around Hannibal's cock when he found the boy's prostate. He directed his thrusts to hit it directly, causing Will to shake and scream in overstimulation.

"So full..." Will murmured, hazy with pleasure. "Knot me Alpha. Knot me please."

Hannibal's knot inflated and caught on Will's rim. He rocked forward and the knot caught, locking them together.

Will cried out, his legs trembling around Hannibal and his hands digging into his back. Will was breathless for a moment, trying to reconcile the size of the knot inside him with the overwhelming feeling of peace he suddenly felt at being filled so completely.

Hannibal thrust his hips, coming hard and filling his boy. He nuzzled at his neck, sharp teeth finding his mating gland and breaking the skin. Will's cock twitched weakly and he came again, holding on to Hannibal as he rode out his climax.

Hannibal's orgasm was seemingly never-ending, and cum began to leak out around the knot. Will's belly was inflated, and he sighed happily against Hannibal.

Hannibal gathered Will up and moved them, still locked together, to a sitting position. Will straddled Hannibal's hips as Hannibal smoothed his hands down his back. He bent to Will's neck and began licking at the bite that would seal the bond between them for life.

"Will it always be this way?" Will asked, his hands pressed into Hannibal's chest.

"If you want it to be," Hannibal said. "I am yours for as long as you'll have me."

Will smiled. "I'll have you."

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End Notes

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